A PIPE of *TOBACCO*: IN IMITATION OF Six Several Authors.

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OF

SIX SEVERAL AUTHORS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

11631. bb. 68

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LONDON:
Printed for L. GILLIVER. at *Homer's-Head* over-against St. *Dunſtan's* Church in *Fleet-ſtreet*.

M DCC XXXVI.

[*Price Six-pence.*]

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Six Several Authors.

IMITATION I.

Laudes egregii Cæſaris——
Culpâ deterere ingeni—— Hor.

A New-Year's ODE.

Recitative.

OLD Battle-array, big with Horror is fled,
And Olive-rob'd Peace again lifts up her Head.
Sing, ye Muſes, Tobacco the Bleſſing of Peace;
Was ever a Nation ſo bleſſed as this?

AIR.

AIR.

When Summer Suns grow red with Heat,
Tobacco tempers *Phœbus'* Ire,
When Wintry Storms around us beat,
Tobacco chears with gentle Fire.
Yellow Autumn, youthful Spring,
In thy Praiſes jointly ſing.

RECITATIVO.

Like *Neptune*, *Cæſar* guards *Virginian* Fleets,
Fraught with Tobacco's balmy Sweets;
Old Ocean trembles at *Britannia's* Pow'r,
And *Boreas* is afraid to roar.

AIR.

Happy Mortal! he who knows
Pleaſure which a Pipe beſtows;
Curling Eddies climb the Room,
Wafting round a mild Perfume.

RECITATIVO.

Let foreign Climes the Vine and Orange boaſt,
While Waſtes of War deform the teeming
Coaſt;
Britannia, diſtant from each hoſtile Sound,
Enjoys a PIPE, with Eaſe and Freedom
crown'd:
E'en reſtleſs Faction finds itſelf moſt free,
Or if a Slave, a Slave to Liberty.

AIR.

Smiling Years that gayly run,
Round the Zodiac with the Sun,
Tell, if ever you have ſeen
Realms ſo quiet and ſerene.
Britiſh Sons no longer now
Hurl the Bar, or twang the Bow,
Nor of Crimſon Combat think,
But ſecurely ſmoke and drink.

CHORUS.

Smiling Years, that gayly run
Round the Zodiac with the Sun,
Tell if ever you have ſeen
Realms ſo quiet and ſerene.

IMITATION II.

——*Tenues fugit ceu Fumus in aura.*
Virg.

LITTLE Tube of mighty Pow'r,
Charmer of an idle Hour,
Object of my warm Deſire,
Lip of Wax, and Eye of Fire:
And thy ſnowy taper Waſte,
With my Finger gently brac'd;

And thy pretty ſwelling Creſt,
With my little Stopper preſt;
And the ſweeteſt Bliſs of Bliſſes,
Breathing from thy balmy Kiſſes,
Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happieſt he of happy Men;
Who when agen the Night returns,
When agen the Taper burns;
When agen the Cricket's gay,
(Little Cricket, full of Play)
Can afford his Tube to feed
With the fragrant *Indian* Weed:
Pleaſure for a Noſe divine,
Incenſe of the God of Wine.
Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happieſt he of happy Men:

IMITA-

IMITATION III.

——— prorumpit ad Æthera nubem,
Turbine fnmantem piceo———

VIRG.

THOU, matur'd by glad *Heſperian Suns*,
TOBACCO, Fountain pure of * *limpid Truth*,
That looks the very Soul; whence pouring Thought
Swarms all the Mind; abſorpt is yellow Care.

And

* *Poem on Liberty*, Ver. 12.

† *And at each Puff Imagination burns.*

Flaſh on thy Bard, and with exalting Fires
Touch the myſterious Lip that chaunts thy Praiſe.
In Strains to mortal Sons of Earth unknown.
Behold an Engine, wrought from tauny Mines,
Of ductile Clay, with ‖ *plaſtic Virtue* form'd,
And glaz'd magnific o'er, I graſp, I fill.
From †* *Patotheke* with pungent Pow'rs perfum'd,
* *Itſelf one Tortoiſe all, where ſhines imbib'd*
Each Parent Ray; then rudely ram'd illume,
With the red Touch of Zeal-enkindling Sheet,
§ *Mark'd with Gibſonian Lore*; forth iſſue Clouds,
Thought-thrilling, Thirſt-inciting Clouds around,

And

† *Poem on Liberty*, Ver. 16. ‖ *Ibid.* Ver. 104. *† *A Poetical Word for a Tobacco-box.* * *Ibid.* Ver. 243, 245. § *Ibid.* Ver. 247.

And many-mining Fires: I all the While,
Lolling at Eaſe, * *inhale* the breezy Balm.
But chief, when *Bacchus wont with thee to join,*
In genial Strife and Orthodoxial Ale,
† *Stream Life and Joy into the Muſes Bowl.*
Oh be Thou ſtill *my great Inſpirer*, Thou
My Muſe; Oh fan me with thy Zephyrs Boon,
While I, in clouded Tabernacle ſhrin'd,
Burſt forth all Oracle and myſtic Song.

* *Poem on Liberty*, Ver. 309. † *Ibid.* Ver. 171.

IMITATION IV.

——— *bullatis mihi nugis,*
Pagina turgeſcat, dare pondus idonea Fumo.
PERS.

CRITICS avaunt! TOBACCO is my Theme;
Tremble like Hornets at the blaſting Steam.
And you, Court-inſects, flutter not too near
Its Light, nor buzz within the ſcorching Sphere.

-ATIMI *Pollio,*

Pollio, with Flame like thine, my Verse inspire;
So shall the Muse from Smoke elicit Fire.
Coxcombs prefer the tickling Sting of Snuff;
Yet all their Claim to Wisdom is—a Puff:
Lord *Foplin* smokes not—for his Teeth afraid:
Sir *Tawdry* smokes not—for he wears Brocade.
Ladies, when Pipes are brought, affect to swoon;
They love no *Smoke*, except the *Smoke* of Town:
But Courtiers hate the puffing Tribe,—no matter;
Strange if they love the *Breath* that cannot *flatter!*
Its Foes but shew their Ignorance, can *He*
Who scorns the *Leaf* of Knowledge, love the *Tree*?
The *tainted* Templar (more prodigious yet)
Rails at Tobacco, tho' it makes him—*spit.*

Citronia vows it has an odious Stink;
She will not ſmoke (ye Gods!) but ſhe will drink:
And chaſte *Prudella* (blame her if you can)
Says, Pipes are us'd by that vile Creature *Man*:
Yet Crowds remain, who ſtill its Worth proclaim,
While ſome for Pleaſure ſmoke, and ſome for *Fame*:
Fame, of our Actions univerſal Spring,
For which we drink, eat, ſleep, ſmoke, — *ev'ry* Thing.

IMITATION V.

Vanescit SOLIS *ad ortus*
Fumus, LUCAN

BLEST Leaf! whose aromatic
Gales dispense
To Templars Modesty, to Parsons Sense:
So raptur'd Priests, at fam'd *Dodona*'s Shrine
Drank Inspiration from the Stream divine.
Poison that cures, a Vapour that affords
Content, more solid than the Smile of Lords:

Reſt to the Weary, to the Hungry Food,
The laſt kind Refuge of the Wiſe and Good;
Inſpir'd by Thee, dull Cits adjuſt the Scale
Of *Europe*'s Peace, when other Stateſmen fail.
By Thee protected, and thy Siſter, Beer,
Poets rejoice, nor think the Bailiff near.
Nor leſs, the Critic owns thy genial Aid,
While ſupperleſs he plies the piddling Trade.
What tho' to Love and ſoft Delights a Foe,
By Ladies hated, hated by the Beau,
Yet ſocial Freedom, long to Courts unknown,
Fair Health, fair Truth, and Virtue are thy own.
Come to thy Poet, come with healing Wings,
And let me taſte Thee unexcis'd by Kings.

IMITATION VI.

——— *Ex Fumo dare lucem :*

Hor.

BOY ! bring an Ounce of *Free-man's* beſt,
And bid the Vicar be my Gueſt :
Let all be plac'd in Manner due,
A Pot, wherein to ſpit, or ſpue,
And *London Journal*, and *Free Briton*,
Of Uſe to light a Pipe, or * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *

This

This Village, unmoleſted yet
By Troopers, ſhall be my Retreat:
Who cannot flatter, bribe, betray;
Who cannot write or vote for *.
Far from the Vermin of the Town,
Here let me rather live, my own,
Doze o'er a Pipe, whoſe Vapour bland
In ſweet Oblivion lulls the Land;
Of all, which at *Vienna* paſſes,
As ignorant as * * *Braſs* is:
And ſcorning Raſcals to careſs,
Extol the Days of good Queen *Beſs*,
When firſt Tobacco bleſt our Iſle,
Then think of other Queens—and ſmile.

Come jovial Pipe, and bring along
Midnight, Revelry and Song;
The merry Catch, the Madrigal,
That echoes ſweet in City Hall;

The Parſon's Pun, the ſmutty Tale
Of Country Juſtice, o'er his Ale.
I ask not what the *French* are doing,
Or *Spain* to compaſs ——'s Ruin:
Britons, if undone, can go,
Where TOBACCO loves to grow.

THE END.

The Parlon's Pun, the finutry Tale
Or Country Juffice, o'er his Ale.
I ask not what the French are doing,
Or Spain to compass ——'s Ruin:
Britons, if undone, can go,
Where TEA or COFFEE is to grow.

THE END.